

A Wounded Knight

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Category: Hetalia - Axis Powers

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-11 23:00:37

Updated: 2016-04-25 18:08:39

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:36:37

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,716

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A ten year war between the two medieval kingdoms of Britain and America is putting the small island through desolation. The English citizens of London had no choice but to flee underground. All that is changed when a peasant boy is kidnapped by American forces and forced to work within close proximity of the American Royal family: The Jones. King Arthur/Omega Verse AU

1. Chapter 1

****Hey guys, I had this really neat idea for a USUK fic, and so I am now writing an omega verse/King Arthur AU. YAYY! Please follow and favorite if you enjoy, I would really appreciate it. ****

****Chapter 1****

Author awoke to the sound of screaming and crying. He was dazed and he couldn't register the panic and hysteria going on around him. He eventually found his wits and sat up slowly, drawing his legs against his chest, surprised they weren't trampled by the terrified people. He felt the ground shake and the wall behind him crack, stones falling on unlucky people who were running around looking for safety or family, or both. He heard the royal garrison shout orders of moving deeper into the ancient tunnels of their capital, however Arthur decided to stay put. He was tired of this life.

The war between England and America had been going on for the last 10 years, devastating the lives of the millions of people who lived in either country. At first, the war was going well for England, backing the US into a corner and almost defeating them within a fortnight. However, after the king's death, power hungry nobles began to fight among themselves, underestimating the resiliency of the Americans. Before a new king could be crowned, the US had formed a powerful alliance between England's enemies, surrounding the little island on all sides. Now for the last 8 years, Britain has been fighting an uphill battle with no king and no moral, all nobles fleeing the country to join the American alliance.

Arthur wasn't one to complain, everyone had a sob story in times of war.

Arthur remembered the day his small village was attacked on the coast of the country by the French, who were allied with the Americans. It was his 10th birthday. He watched as his small beautiful coastal home burned to the ground as people on horseback hacked anyone who they came across down. He remembered crying into his mother's shoulder while his father and older brothers got the horses calm enough to escape. They rode for a fortnight before they reached the next town, only to discover that the local feudal lord had abandoned his position and had allied with the enemy. Arthur's father, a retired knight from the royal militia, quickly gained followers and organized a resistance group to help fight off the American forces. The resistance group became popular quickly and every town and village had a small militia ready to defend themselves against the enemy.

However, after three short years, a traitor had given the Americans information that lead to the eventual assassination of Arthur's father. Arthur wasn't present through any of it though. A week after Arthur's father had organized the resistance group, Arthur was sent to capital city with his mother and younger brother, Peter. When they first arrived in the city, they stayed at an inn for a couple of nights. Arthur's mother couldn't find work in the over populated city of London, leaving the three of them on the street by the second week. It was hard, the city's population grew and the streets were getting dirtier and dirtier each week, causing his mother to get sick. Though, despite her illness, she still found ways to feed her family. She would often beg for scraps at the doorsteps of the wealthy, and during desperate times, she would steal. She was eventually caught one day and jailed, leaving Arthur and Peter to fend for themselves. Arthur was 12 at the time, and Peter was 8.

Arthur only heard of the death of his father 1 year after he and Peter were sold as slaves to a wealthy merchant to work as butlers and valets. Arthur remembered the cooks crying about how the war was lost, how the only thing keeping Britain alive was the effort of the militia. But with the leader dead, the cooks believed, the militia network would crumble. They were right, of course, they always were. The American forces broke through what little defenses the English had in matter of weeks, taking the city of London under siege. The people of the city were dying of starvation soon enough, revolts and riots came soon after. The merchant Arthur worked for eventually signed a treaty with the Americans, who temporarily left the small island of England. Arthur felt safe for the first time in years.

That safety, like everything else in Arthur's life, was temporary. A mysterious illness the cooks referred to as the grey death swept through England, killing what few friends the Englishman had made. That included his kind master, leaving Arthur, Peter, and many other workers out on the streets without work. The plague spread particularly fast in the city, wiping out the homeless population first before taking out the rest. To this day, Arthur still couldn't believe he and his brother's luck for surviving as long as they did out there, cold and alone. Arthur took care of Peter every day, the best he could.

You see, Peter had some problems.

He could barely speak and his left foot was clubbed, making movement for him difficult and painful. While working as butlers, Arthur usually did most of Peter's work to prevent his brother from feeling a pain a 12-year-old shouldn't have to experience. But out in the streets in the middle of winter, Arthur was close to death when it happened.

The Americans returned.

They wanted a tribute the English couldn't afford to give, especially when the plague was just beginning to let up. The Americans weren't as merciful as they were last time, and they began fighting with new technology no Englishman had ever seen before. Gunpowder and muskets, the Americans used, instead of swords and shields like the British. They sieged the city of London again. Breaking down the stone walls with the improved canons they developed, in which the cannonballs exploded on impact. When the walls were breached, the people were forced underground. Whenever the Americans got close to the poor settlements the brits had made in the ancient tunnels of the country, the people had to move farther in.

Being closed in underground lead to starvation and insanity for most people, including what was left of the royal garrison. Arthur didn't blame them though, three years of living underground surviving off of insects and rotting meat would do that to you. Arthur was sane though, as long as he had his brother with him, he could manage with what he got. But that content only got him in trouble with the kids his age. They stole what little food Arthur was given and ate it. They beat Arthur whenever they got the chance, and they made his life a living hell. Arthur's wiry figure was bruised and swollen every night for the next year, all the while explosions and drills were heard from above them. The Americans were close.

The Americans were here.

Now Arthur sat, with his knees against his chest quietly humming to his younger brother what little he remembered from the lullaby their mother used to sing to them. Peter was crying silently as he cuddled against his brother in fear, knowing this was the end. Arthur was too weak to carry the younger any farther than this, his body weak from malnutrition and abuse. Arthur had enough energy to go himself, but he would never leave his world behind. The ground shook again and the cries of the British ceased as they went further into the tunnels, leaving the dead and weak behind. Arthur closed his eyes and embraced his brother for what felt like the last time before another explosion sounded, making a gaping hole on the side of the tunnel. Arthur heard shouting and marching before he felt cold hands grabbing and tearing him away from his brother. He pleaded and begged for mercy, for the Americans to not kill his younger brother, for them to kill him instead. He was blindfolded and thrown over a soldier's shoulder, all the while thrashing about, suddenly finding his will to live. It was too late for that now, the brit thought sourly.

After an hour hike up the tunnels, Arthur felt dry. It was awfully humid down underground, and Arthur was always moist down there. The hike up to the surface exposed him to frigid air currents, ones he hadn't realized he had missed so much. From the sound of Horses,

Arthur came to the conclusion that he was outside once again, for the first time in 4 years. He started to cry, startling the soldier who was carrying him. Before the brit could apologize, he was thrown roughly onto a hard flat surface, next to something that smelled like rotting meat. It didn't faze the brit, but it made him uncomfortable being this close to a dead animal. Or person. The brit screamed at the thought and demanded to know what was next to him. He only received yells and curses back, a few smacks, but nothing he wasn't used to.

"Where's my brother, you murderers!?" the brit spat, raising his hands up to pull off his blindfold. The surface he was on began to move and the sound of horses cantering made him conclude that he was on a cart or something. Who knows what the Americans came up with nowadays. Before the brit could unwrap his blindfold, a strong force knocked the air out of his chest and tied his hands together.

"No peeking" the American sneered. Giving Arthur another hard punch to the gut, the American finally answered his question. "Your brother is the one with the fucked up foot, right? Well, since he's deformed he was given the flower cart to enjoy while we bring you to your deaths. You, since your healthy" the American paused, "somewhat" he continued. "You were given the nasty hunting cart. Why? Cause unlike your brother, you don't behave" the American sneered, grabbing the brit by his dreary locks.

"Unhand me!" the Brit growled

"What's your name?"

"â€|Arthurâ€|"

"My name's Kev, and I'm taking you and your mutant brother to meet the king of the USA"

"The King of the USA? The hell is he doing so far from home?"

"That's none of your business. Now, sweet dreams buttercups!" before the brit could argue about the nickname, he felt a hard blow connect to the side of his jaw. He groaned in pain as he turned to his side. "You still awake? Tougher than you look, I'll give you that!" the American sneered as he punched the brit, still not succeeding. Tears burned the corners of the Englishman's eyes as the American kept beating his face. By the 10 punch, the Englishman finally gave out and lost consciousness.

**Alright guys, how did you guys like?! Just to clear somethings up, the USA is the United states of America, but it isn't really democratic or a republic. It's the typical medieval kingdom, or should I say empire. I couldn't think of a name for the kingdom so I called it America, don't fight me. The weapons I will mention throughout this story will be of a later time period, so try to think of it as an anachronism, instead of a mistake because I will do it intentionally. However, I will try to make this time juxtaposition seem smooth AF, alright? If you aren't following my other story "Hetalia high: School for aristocrats" go ahead and do so. **

Warning: Vivid recollection of extreme sexual harassment. If not into that kind of stuff, just skip everything in Italics.

Arthur woke up sometime later, in a daze. He could hear the soft canter of the horse pulling his wagon, and he could smell the distinct odor of all apples. It's been a while since he smelled anything so sweet, so despite the rotting meat surrounding him, he felt his stomach grumble with want. He looked up and noticed it was still night time, which Arthur thought was for the best. He didn't want to imagine how badly his body would react to the sudden exposure to the sun. Arthur, being accustomed to the dark, could see fairly well, and quickly figured out where the sweet smell was coming from. The trees on either side of the dirt path the horse was taking were harboring ripe, large apples.

For the past few years, the only food the malnourished Brit was eating were shriveled and moldy. Seeing healthy apples like the ones he was seeing now made his heart ache to retrieve one. That's when Arthur's head started working. The cart was moving fairly slow, and the Britt had hope that he could get an apple and return to the cart without being detected.

Arthur looked towards the front of the wagon and saw two Americans having a conversation. One of them had the reins in their hands, and the other had a map. Arthur then looked for the smallest apple he could find, needing a short one so he could quickly pack a juicy Apple and return. A few minutes passed before Arthur became impatient. He didn't want to miss his chance, considering, according to the American, he was going to his death. He got in a crouching position and slowly crept his way to the end of the cart. He turned back to see the two guards still chatting, filling the Brit with hope.

He leaped out of the wagon with ease, attracting no attention to himself. He quickly ran to the closet tree and looked up to find an Apple he wanted. He found a ruby red apple right on the lowest branch, which was at least 4 feet out of Arthur's reach. Arthur turned back to see the wagon was still insight, and the two guards hadn't noticed his disappearance. Arthur could have kept walking, if he wanted. And he did, but he was separated from Peter, and the only place he was certain he would find Peter was at the castle of the Americans. He turned his attention back to the tree, and decided the best way to get the apple was to climb. After a few tries, Arthur finally got a grip on the apple. He plucked it quickly, and jumped to the ground, landing with a soft thud.

He sprinted as silently as he could and reached the back of the wagon. After debating for a while, he placed the apple in his pants and crept onto the wagon again. As he got settled, he snickered a little at his success, proud of himself for pulling it off. His laugh drew the attention of one of the guards and both turned to face him.

"What's so funny, you filthy Brit?" The one named Kevin said, giving Arthur a shit eating grin. When the Brit didn't answer, the a American spoke again. "if you don't tell me, I'll come back there and show you how an omega like you should behave!" Arthur winced at the threat.

He was used to being threatened, but the fact that the American brought up his omega status made him feel scared. Underground, he was harassed constantly. Alphas and betas always tried to woo him, and when he refused, they would force themselves on him, sometimes alone, sometimes in a group. It never got as far as rape, but it got really close. Arthur shook his head, trying to shake the memory away, but it just wouldn't.

_Arthur walked towards his temporary home with that week's rations he and Peter were going to share. His home was made of a few sticks and the shredded remains of curtain he managed to grab before going underground. He was about 5 minutes away he was grabbed by the shoulder and pulled into a tiny tunnel branching off of the main one he was on. He was slammed against the rocky wall and was pinned by a hairy arm. Arthur looked up to see a man who looked about twice his age. The Brit could smell the pheromones the other was giving off, he was in heat. _

_Alarms went off in Arthur's head as he tried to escape, but the Alpha growled threateningly, causing the Brit to shrink back. The Alpha tried to convince Arthur to be his mate, promising to keep him safe and feed him and his brother. Arthur remained quiet the entire time, looking for a way out. When the alpha finished, Arthur told him that he was not interested, and that he had to go home. The look on that man face surprised Arthur because it wasn't angry or desperate, but instead, happy. Suddenly multiple figures filed into the tunnel, Alpha and beta men and women soon surrounding the pair. _

_Before the Brit could question them, the First alpha hit him across the face, causing him to fall. He landed with a thud, but before he could even think of getting up, his arms and legs were being held down. He felt hands tearing at his clothes and tongues licking his body. Chapped lips enveloped his, and he had lost the ability to scream. He felt a man's hand on his waist, and he watched in horror as he tugged down his underwear. A woman came into view enough for the Brit to see her face, and he realized it was the girl who he had rejected last week. When he looked up to the men who were pinning him on the ground, he found that they too were rejected by him in the past month. _

_Suddenly, Arthur felt something hard poke him near his entrance. He yelled as he looked down, conflicted to see that it wasn't what he thought it was, but it could be just as bad. In the woman's hand, there was the round end of a broomstick entering his opening. He cried out and shook, trying to get the invasive object away, but it was no use. He felt as the splintered wood was shoved up his ass, and pulled out until only the head remained inserted. The woman repeated this action over and over again while the rest rubbed and licked him, or relieved themselves. _

_A few minutes had passed and the Brit was beginning to feel light headed. He whimpered mercy but none paid him any mind, the woman, actually, went faster and harder, forcing the Brit to moan out as it touched his prostate. This just excited the crowd, causing the alpha from earlier to flip on his stomach. Arthur's arms were pinned above his head this time, and he was forced to stick his ass into the air. He felt the broomstick reenter, not really remembering when it left. His throat was dry, and the tears leaving his eyes made the dirt his face was resting on muddy. He felt something warm trickle down his legs, and when he turned, he saw that it was blood. _

_He cried out again, as he knew that the people would eventually tire of the broomstick and want to participate themselves. The woman kept aiming at his special spot, causing a string of lewd moans to escape his lips despite himself, the smell of all these alphas and betas finally getting to him. His cock was hard and leaking and his face was red with shame. He was beginning to lose consciousness when he heard a whip crack in the air. Everyone stopped their administrations and backed away from the violated omega. Arthur curled up into a ball and waited for his attackers to leave. _

_After a few minutes, he felt a cold hand grasp his shoulder as a blanket was wrapped around him. The Brit refused to open his eyes as his savior pulled him into his arms and reached for the Brits nether regions. The Brit was about to cry out again, thinking that he was going to be attacked again, but instead he felt the man grab the stick that was still wedged in his cavern. Arthur buried his face into the strangers chest, as he felt the jagged piece of wood be pulled out swiftly, inciting a lewd whine from the Brit. _

_The officer paused for a moment, probably weighing his options. Arthur could smell the distinctive pheromones on the officer, but he wasn't really surprised, most people mate this time of year. As the moments turned to minutes, Arthur braced himself for another attack, but fortunately, the man lifted him and what was left of his rations up and delivered him to his house. He laid Arthur in his bed and took upon himself to take care of Peter for the night. Village midwives who had heard of the assault came to his house to patch him up as best they could, pitying the Brit immensely. He was catered to for about 2 days before they went on with there lives. _

Arthur taught himself to push back memories, but every now and then one would resurface. He found himself staring blankly at the guard before he apologized quickly. The brit had to think of something funny quick to toss whatever suspicion the Americans had about him. "I was just thinking of this old joke that my friend told me a while back" the brit lied, which probably made things worse. He should've stayed silent, because the next question caught the brit off guard completely.

"What was it?" Kevin asked.

"What?"

"What was the joke? How did it go?" the other American asked with a soft smile. "My name's Dennis, by the way."

Arthur stared comically at the Americans, like a deer caught in headlights. Before Arthur could think of anything, Dennis began to laugh, earning looks of confusion from both the brit and Kevin. "What's so funny?" Kevin asked with a pout, causing Dennis to laugh even louder.

"Arthur, did you hear our conversation? That's what you were laughing at huh?" the laughing American asked with tears in his eyes. Arthur only shook his head in response. Dennis turned back in time to see the brit shake his head, and he laughed again. "Alright, then I'll tell you!"

"NO!"

>"YES!" Dennis yelled back to his fellow guardsmen. Arthur eyed the situation and frowned, losing interest quickly. He decided to play along though, whatever it took to thwart their suspicion. Arthur cleared his throat to get the guard's attention, and when he did, he looked up expectantly. Dennis smile softly again, and began to tell the story of how they were put on 'Brit Duty'.<p>

"We were originally guards of the American fortress here on this island of Britain, but we were transferred after we saw something we shouldn't have seen." Dennis began, looking at Arthur just in time to see the curiosity in his eyes. Dennis cleared his throat and pulled over to the side of the rode. "We'll make camp here, and then when we're settled, I'll continue." The American explained.

After a few moments of walking on the deep under growth of the forest, they came across a clearing that seemed suitable and safe to spend the night. Kevin taught Arthur how to start a fire, and Dennis taught Arthur how to season stew and to collect water. To the brit's amazement, the American's were acting half decent. There were a couple derogatory statements from Kevin every now and then, but Arthur soon found himself feeling at ease for the first time in five years. When everybody had a bowl with some stew in it, they huddled around the fire and waited for Dennis to continue the story.

"Shall I carry on?" Dennis asked. When he received nods, he smiled and began again. "Kevin and I were guarding the fortress when we heard a noise coming from within the stone walls" he paused for a second, before sighing and starting again. "We heard something within the fortress, it sounded like the scream of a woman in need, so of course we investigated." he said with a shrug. Then Kevin spoke up and continued.

"We went up the stairs looking for the noise, and when we got to the bedroom of the king, we paused, thinking we had made a mistake-

"It wasn't a mistake though" interrupted Dennis, who had grabbed another spoonful of stew. Kevin rolled his eyes and nodded.

"We thought it was a mistake at the time though. The King isn't the nicest man, the guards know he is unfaithful and sometimes abusive, but we keep it to ourselves. We wouldn't want the princes finding out, too much drama" he said with a sad sigh. He shook his head, and Dennis cleared his throat again.

"We were about to turn back when we heard another shriek coming from the room. Than we heard the King's voice, telling the girl to "Shut the hell up." We hesitated of course, because we knew better not to interfere, but then we heard the woman crying out for assistance. We say woman because it didn't sound like the queen, it was probably another mistress." Dennis said as he slurped his spoon. Arthur listened intensely, finding the story intriguing. Kevin noticed the Brit's enthusiasm, and halted Dennis's speech.

"I don't think we should be spreading rumors to the enemy" the rude American said loudly, catching the others off guard. The Englishman frowned deeply before looking at Dennis, who had a sympathetic smile on. Dennis looked back at his partner and nodded an apology.

"Maybe your right-

"NO! I'm going to my death anyway so why not tell me!" the brit pleaded, he was so bored, he at least deserved some gossip. However, the look of disbelief on Dennis' face confused the brit. Then, the American began to laugh.

"You aren't going to die! Why do you think you're going to die?!" Dennis chuckled through his teeth as he spoke. Arthur looked at the Americans incredulously before speaking.

"Kevin told me that I was riding to my death. And why else would Americans want to blast holes in the underground tunnels to retrieve us?! You guys are planning to wipe the English out, right?!" tears were stinging his eyes in disbelief. The British have been living in fear of death by the hands of the American for no reason if what Dennis was saying were true. Dennis, after hitting Kevin over the head with his bowl, gave Arthur another soft smile and tried to explain.

"Not many Americans are willing to work in the Fortress here on this island, so the brit we manage to capture will work as farmhands and servants. The war was won when we invaded the city of London, we just followed you underground to make you swear allegiance to the American king. You are going to act as a servant in the fortress, nothing more, nothing less."

Arthur was still baffled by this information, but tried to keep a level head. "Alright" he muttered. "What about Peter, my brother?" Arthur asked hopefully. Dennis gave him a sympathetic look before answering.

"I don't know, really. But considering he has a disability, and could serve no purpose to the fortress, he may be returned to the tunnels, or be left to die of exposure."

"Oh God No" the brit whispered to himself. Kevin saw the distress on the brit's face and laughed.

"If you ask me, I think we should have let the English rot in their fucking tunnels, am I right!" he nudged Dennis with his elbow for a response, but the only thing he got was another blow to the head.

Alright guys, sorry the story of Dennis and Kevin wasn't complete, but it will be continued next chapter. Also, the royal Jones will be introduced and we will find out what'll happen to peter. Until then! Ps: I have very little knowledge of omega verses, so if anyone would like to explain a little about it, leave a little paragraph down below

End
file.